

Then shall the scatter'd Fragments re-assume
 Their ancient Fabrick, and new-build their Home;
 The bulwark Bones in strong Defence shall join,
 Th' embroid'ring Veins and Arteries round them twine;
 Eternal Ligatures the Structure bind,
 And the whole Frame shall be no more disjoin'd;
 Steel'd with a Portion of supernal Might,
 Shall burst the Bars of Death, impatient for the Light;
 The Light of God—then shall my Soul on flame
 Spring up to mix with his congenial Beam;
 Melted, dissolv'd, in his superior Rays,
 Whilst burning Worlds shall unregarded blaze.

F I N I S



Just Published,

Printed for RICHARD WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, without
Temple-Bar.

APOLLO and DAPHNE, a Poem.

*In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love.*

DRYD. Virg.

Where may be had,

PROPOSALS for Printing by Subscription, An Essay towards a Demon-
 stration of the Religion of JESUS.

I speak as to Wise Men: Judge ye what I say.

1 Cor. x. 15.



A

Pindarick ODE

ON THE

UNION.

*----- Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubiq;
Vatibats occurras, Peritura parcere Chartæ.*

L. Juven. Sat. 1.

----- Inter se convenit-----

Idem. Sat. xv.

Written by *Lew. Theobald*, Gent.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *T. C.* and Sold by *J. Morphew*, near
Stationers-Hall, 1707.

Pindarick ODE

ON THE

UNION



Printed by J. C. and sold by J. Alcock, near
St. James's Hall, 1857.

T O

JOHN GLANVILLE, of Broadhinton,
in the County of Wilts, Esq;

SIR,

AS the Union with Scotland is counted to be a singular Benefit to England; so, I am bound to Congratulate it on a double Obligation, for the good of my Country; and that it has afforded me so particular an Advantage of throwing my self at your Feet in an humble Acknowledgment, and begging the Protection of your Name to recommend this Trifle of an ODE to the World, and save it from the Flames. But since I have mention'd the Poem, it may not be amiss to take the Opportunity of vindicating my self from a Vicious Affectation of using hard Expressions, and such Allusions as needed a Commentary for their Explanation: Nor, in doing this, ought I to omit saying, that my Justification is intended solely for the Satisfaction of such as understand not the Laborious Obscurity of Pindarick Writings, and not out of a sawcy Presumption of insinuating the Instruction to your Judgment, who are so well vers'd in all Kinds of Poetry, and so great an admirer of the delightful Science. But I am afraid, like Bellerophon, I am carrying my own Condemnation, and have Cause to foresee the Unworthiness of the Author, and his Work, will be two Insuperable Rubbs in the Acceptation of my Address: Only I dare Encroach on your Clemency, and experienc'd Kindness, and from thence Hope, that you will not throw aside that, which is preferr'd as a Bill tack'd to the Union. Nor can you, Sir, (with Submission) refuse doing me this piece of Justice, as to let me make a grateful Declaration to the World, of the sense I entertain of your multiplied Favours conferred on me, and to confess that Duty (which back'd with Inclination) enjoins me to Subscribe my self with all due Respect,

SIR,

May, 9. 1707.

Your most Devoted,

most Humble,

and most Obedient

Kinsman and Servant

Lewis Theobald.

To his much Respected FRIEND, on his
Pindarick ODE on the UNION.

WHEN Infant *Plato* in his Cradle lay,
A Swarm of Bees around his Lips did play:
All on the promis'd Genius hung intense,
And with impatience watch'd his growing Sense.
But Nature needed not of thee Prefage,
Who ev'n from Infancy hast strode to Age:
Leap'd o're the Bounds which Youth from Man refrain,
And brought back Judgment Pris'ner in a Chain.
Fancy, (that wild *Bucephalus*!) his Rage
Like *Philip's* warlike Son, thou dost assuage
Bounding He scorns each other Rider's sway,
Beats down the Barriers, and uncheck'd makes way,
But does, in awful Paces thy judicious Curb obey.
Thus Mounted (Happy, Envy'd Bard!) Advance,
A Victor o're the Globe of Eloquence:
Each Kingly Poet is become thy Friend,
And dreading to be Conquer'd, Legates send;
Their Tributary Talents free to lend.
Pindar, his stile, and artful Numbers gives,
And in thy deep laborious Lines revives.
Here *Milton* (of Submission proud) affords
A stream redundant of expressive Words.
Spencer crouds in his sweet-turn'd Eloquence;
And *Dryden* joins his Reason, and his Sense.

J. D.

This Compliment being sent me by an Ingenious and Obliging
Friend, I must comply to flatter my self, it being his
Desire and Command to have it inserted.



(1)

A

Pindarick Ode
ON THE
U N I O N.

I.

HASTE, *Polyhymnia*, haste; thy Shell prepare:
I have a Message thou must bear,
But to the Carr a Salamander tye;
Thou can'st not on a Sun-beam play
And scud it thro' the Realms of Day;
Where Great *Hyperion* sits inthron'd on High. 1.
(Seasons there and Ages stand;
And measur'd Hours on either Hand; 2.
And swift-pac'd Minutes, an Innumerable Band.)
But thy steep down-ward Journey lyes,
To th' uncouth *Nadir* of the Skies; 3.
O're whose Dread Yawn,
Th' Intelligent Inhabitants of Air, 4.
Their winged Voyage steer
Panting alott, and from the Stench still hast'ning to be gone,
Where Chains and Groans resound the Din of Hell,
And Spirits yell;
And thousand fictitious Monsters dwell.
Go, and the Peopled Void inspect,
Some Ghost will teach,
On what unwholsome Beach
Jannes, and *Jambres* their black Schemes erect. 5.
Or others such as could, with Impious Art, rehearse
B The

The hallow'd *Tetragrammaton* : 6.
 (That Triple League of Mystick One :)
 And Nature's Course with Horrid Charms reverse.
 Tell 'em, I know th' unlimited Command
 Of Magick Numbers, and the Wand :
 How Streams will backward run :
 The frighted Moon from her pale Orb come down :
 Mountains be levell'd ; Plains to Mountains grow,
 So high, shall make *Olympus*-top seem low :
 Bigg Thunders roul : Brisk Lightnings scorch the Meed :
 And animated Deaths th' Inchant'd Circle tread :
 What pow'rful Weeds grown rank with Mid-night Bane,
 Does curst *Canidia* crop : 7.
 And cure the Lover's pain,
 With the fierce Potion of the Mingled Cup :
 But all her Magick flight,
 Serves but Two Hearts to sever, Two unite.
 As when coy *Dauphne* flies the Swain,
 That still
 Pursues her with an Indefatigable Will ;
 Eager, but hopeless to obtain :
 'Till *Colchis* does the Kindling Juice infuse ; 8.
 The Nymph is all on Fire ;
 Each Sence does to the feav'rish plague conspire ;
 She languishes with Desire
 Of what, He courted first : What she did first refuse.
 Such is the Force o'th' Am'orus Spell :
 So Strange th' Effects of Forging Hell !
 But tell Me, *Magi*, tell,
 From what rare secret Spring do flow,
 Works, that your Necromantick Shifts out-go.
 What Influence
 Of active Planets, could dispense
 Such Aids to Councils, and assembled Sense ?
 As might complying Nations bind
 In Concord, each to th' Other's Terms resign'd,
 Peoples inform'd, and acted by One Mind !
 Yee chearful Muses, all conspire
 To strike the Lute and sprightly Lyre ;
 'Tis Harmony your Anthems does inspire.
 The *Calidonian* State 9.
 Subscribes to *English* Pow'r ;
 It's sway gives o're,
 And yields to be a partner in our Fate.
 Thus on an Instrument, the Vocal String,
 Tho'



Tho' each has Sound Distinctive of its Own,
 Yet will untouch'd in Confort groan
 And breathing in gentler Tone,
 By bare Concussion, trembling to it's Neighbour Sing.

II.

Hail, Happy *ANNE*! Auspicious Queen!
 Heav'n has reserv'd peculiar Blessings for thy Reign;
 Such as will make thy Glorious Name,
 Imboss'd on the bright Legends of Heroick Fame.
 There shall its Rays confound th' Enquiring Sight,
 With Lustre inexpressible; among
 Th' Admiring dimly-glist'ring Throng,
 So *Phæbus* glazes beyond the Spangled Sisters of the Night;
 But See, the Goddess throws aside
 All her past Chronologies!
 And does th' Officious pains, she took, deride
 Such frivolous Memoirs to Signalize!
 Now Nothing can she see behind
 In all those blust'ring *Quondam* Trophies she design'd,
 Nothing that she without a Blush can save,
 From greedy Oblivion's ever-gaping Grave,
 Nothing that's worth her Trumpet's after-blast,
 But all their promis'd short Eternity is past!
 See, how the Mighty Records fall!
 And see, Oblivion catches all!
 But, lo! the Monster's glutted with her Prey,
 And gives back something to its Entity,
 She licks the *Chart*, and fawns, and dares not taste,
 Too luscious Fare for her Repast;
 Let me peruse the Destin'd Characters,
 (No Wonder,) See, inscrib'd the Name of brave *Nassau* it wears! 1.
 Fame prepares a Mighty Scroll,
 Sheets of Brass She does unroll;
 She no more will *Cedar* use, 2.
 Nor trust her Tale to th' Oily Juice:
 From Times or Envy's Moths to save.
 But will on temper'd Plates engrave
 With Adamantine Pen,
 Her darling *ANNE*'s Historick Reign,
 A work well worth a Goddess's Care! A task too great for Men!

III. How

III.

How am I carried by th' Impetuous Tide!
 Daring and fond to be undone:
 Like *Phaeton* in the Chariot of the Sun,
 Unskilful how to guide.
 Around I throw my trembling Eye,
 No land appears to rest the Sight!
 But Clouds, and Ocean Infinite,
 I sink with dreadful Apprehension-of my Way.
 Assist, Great Patron of the Lyre,
 Thou that *Arion's* Suite didst hear:
 And by a Friendly Dolphin didst redeem;
 Do not thy Suppliant's Pray'r unworthy deem;
 But help to disengage Me from the rapid Stream.

IV.

How are my Steps with Arms encompass'd round!
 What hoarse and hideous Sound!
 What dying Groans, and Victor's Shouts confound!
 The fiery Steeds Defiance neigh!
 Swords clashing on opposing Arms!
 The Trumpet founding shrill Alarms!
 And deep-mouth'd Cannons loudly bray!
 Terror and Rage at once the Land bestride,
 And Discords on the Billows ride:
 A thousand here the Plain confus'd o're-spread;
 And here as many perish in a watry Bed:
 A Bed, that does Eternal Rest bequeath;
 O Recompence of Death!
 Too happy *Spaniards*, that with so much Ease
 Could your *Quietus* find!
 So would your Fellows think of a Release,
 From all the Whips of Fortune, Stings of Mind.
 Your *Gaul* Associates would be buried so,
 To shun the Fate of *Bleinheim's* Overthrow.
 There *Gallia* stagger'd wi' th'unlook'd for Blow!
 So high proud *Tallard's* hopes were flown,
 He counted Victory his own.
 Behold! how ill the Christian Tyrant bears,
 His grinding Loss, and how He traces round;
 With gloomy Brows bent to the Ground,
 O're whelm'd with shame, in Sorrow drown'd,
 And

And how He curses his Declining Years!
 And now agen his Angry Crest he rears,
 Against the senseless Wall he bears his Head!
 O, where was thy Diffimulation fled,
 Great Master of *Ulyssæan* Subtlery!

That thou should'st thus out-witted be,
 And by Repenting Rage thy Shallow Soul betray!
 Why did'st thou not to wonted Shifts repair

And with *Te Deum's* quell Despair?

Sure *Mantenon* was out of Humour then
 Or Subtle she, and her attending flight
 Of forging Jesuits, had chang'd the Scene;
 And taught the Priest-rid Slaves that Black was White!
 That *English* Courage to *French* Force did yield,
 And they were, with small Loss, left Masters of the Field.

But oh, the Household Troop was slain!

The Great *Tallard* a Pris'ner ta'ne;

Bavaria lost; Her Ruin'd Prince

To *France* for a Subsistence come!

Strong complicated Proofs t'evince,

The blind *Franconians* of their Doom.

Whence *Britains*, whence shall I begin to Date
 My Theme, thy Conquests to Congratulate?
 Success from ev'ry part of *Europe* flows,

In well-come, swoln, victorious Tides;

And ev'ry Tide to *England* Triumphs owes:

And Fate in *Britains* Channel smiling rides.

How wisely Custom did provide
 Fore-seeing after-acts, and to new Laws subside!
 With what Discretion, has she thrown away,
 Those Rites she did on *Greece* and *Rome* impose;
 And other-guests Rewards for Warriors chose,
 Least Nature should have fail'd the Charge of Garlands to defray!
 Sure Victory's a Plant does faster grow,
 Or Lawrel in our Climates thrives but slow:
 For were it still t'adorn the Hero's brow,

Marlbro's Deserts so oft would claim

This Crown of never-dying Fame,

That bankrupt Gardens scarce a Stock would find,

His Temples to surround each time, without extirpating
 the Kind.

V.

Muse leave the Soldier's jarring 'Sphere,
 Why wouldst thou thus prolixely sojourn here ?
 To more delicious Climes return,
 And view the wondrous Seeds of Ripen'd time ;
 What Lots are shook from Heaven's Urn 1.
 Will make our Adversaries mourn,
 And *Albion's* Isles more fair, and more sublime !
 The Royal Lyon, (that such Wars has wag'd 2.
 And in a Brother's strife engag'd,
 To pluck Tyrannick Usurpation down, 3.
 And seat Him in his Lawful Throne.)
 No more unarm'd to th' Combat goes ;
 But couches a sharp prickly Spear against his Trembling Foes.
 What Lanes of Death he makes !
 And with what Rage he shakes
 His hardy Thistle, in his hand, 4.
 And dissipates the vanquish'd Band,
 That hasten to retire before the strong Magician's Wand ! 5.

VI.

Hail, to the Calends of Auspicious *May* !
 The purple *Union's* Christ'ning Day ! 1.
 Hail, Purple *Union*! lovely, long expected Child !
 On whom our *English* Queen has smil'd :
 So mayst thou still her prosp'rous Looks enjoy,
 Nor strive her Quiet to annoy ;
 But an obedient harmless Infant prove,
 Full of Peace, and full of Love.
 A Comfort, that in part may heal
 Injurious Fortune's shocking Hate,
 Which she, and mourning *England* feel
 In princely *Gloster's* hapless Fate.
 But things of greatest Hope are only shewn,
 And for a Moment Lent, and then in haste
 Are snatch'd away ; like Pleasures, which when known,
 Dissolve, and grow too Exquisite to last.
 Enough, my Muse ; the promis'd work is o're ;
 The Evening of my Songs at hand :
 The falling Sun the Shadows does expand :
 And warns me to forsake the Sea, and hasten to the Shore.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes to the ODE.

1. **H**Yperion. *An Epithet of the Sun, i. e. ὁ ὀψιμὸς ἡλίου, whence Valerius Flaccus styles the Chariot of the Sun, Hyperionii Currus.*
2. Ovid in his Description of the Palace of the Sun, says,
A Dextrâ, lævâque Dies, & Mensis, & Annus,
Sæculaue & positæ spatiis æqualibus Horæ. *Met. l. i. i. i.*
3. The Zenith, is that part of the Heavens over our Heads, and the Nadir, the opposite Position under our Feet.
4. The Lake Avernus, (that derives its Name from hence,) in Campania, o're which, Virgil reports, that Birds durst not to fly, by reason of a mortal Stench arising, wherefore it was concluded by the Poets the Passage to Hell.
5. Jannes and Jambres, were two of the Magicians that withstood Moses, 2. Timoth. 3. 8.
6. A Name of G O D in Hebrew, consisting of Four Letters, יהוה.
7. A Witch of Naples, against whom Horace has writ several inveterate Odes. Put, for any Witch in General.
8. Colchis is a Name of Medea: Put in the same Nature as that of Canidia.
9. Calidonia, was the Primitive Name for Scotland, in the Time of the Roman Conquests: from the Old British Word **Baled**, which signifies Hard, from the Constitution of the Inhabitants.

II.

1. His late Majesty William 3. of Glorious Memory.
2. The Cedar has a Juice, or Oil, comes from it, wherewith the Ancients would Anoint their Books, to keep 'em from being Worm-eaten, and to preserve them, whence Horace, speaking of good Poetry, styles it, Carmina Cedro Linenda, i. e. Things worthy of Immortality.

III.

1. Apollo.
2. Arion, was a rare Musician of Lesbos, who having acquir'd a huge Mass of Money in Italy, in his Return by Sea was set on, for the Lucre thereof, by the Mariners of the Ship; but, he desiring to play 'em one Lesson before he dyed, watch'd